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The Charm of California's Northland

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*Dedicated to all who love Northern California,
particularly those who have made Berkeley a
city of high ideals; of beautiful and artistic
homes—the dream city of tomorrow.*

EVELYN E. UNDERWOOD
Berkeley, California

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EVELYN E. UNDERWOOD

*"Where the Autumns and the Springtimes are by equal
glory graced,
Where the Winters are the Summers that Dame Nature
has displaced,
Where every moment is a note in an eternal song
That sings a-down our poppied fields through all the
seasons long,
Where roses with the lilies vie through every fragrant
day,
And Heaven seems so very near it can't be far away,
Where close to man on every hand are mountains and
the sea.
Well, this is California, and it's good enough for me!"*

—ANON.



BLOSSOM TIME IN A CALIFORNIA ORCHARD.



CALIFORNIA'S STATE CAPITOL.

California! The word known to every tongue on the globe, internationalized through that magic talisman—gold! Around that discovery and subsequent events has been written the Story of the West, the most fascinating, alluring, and soul-stirring story ever penned by man. It is the land made famous by Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and Joaquin Miller.

*"Come to my sun land!
 Come with me
 To the land I love
 Where the Sun and Sea
 Are wed forever,
 Where Palm and Pine
 Are filled with singers,
 Where Tree and Vine
 Are voiced with Prophets!"*

* * * * *

—JOAQUIN MILLER
 In "Songs from the Golden Gate"

California

*Sea-born and goddess, blossom of the foam,
Pale Aphrodite, shadowy as a mist
Not any sun has kissed!
Tawny of limb I roam,
The dusks of forests dark within my hair;
The far Yosemite,
For garment and for covering of me,
Wove the white foam and mist,
The amber and the rose and amethyst
Of her wild fountains, shaken loose in air.
And I am of the hills and of the sea:
Strong with the strength of my great hills, and calm,
With calm of the fair sea, whose billowy gold
Girdles the land whose queen and love I am!
Upon my fresh sods
No king has walked to curse and desolate;
But in the valleys Freedom sits and sings,
And on the heights above;
Upon her brows the leaves of olive boughs,
And in her arms a dove;
And the great hills are pure, undesecrate,
White with their snows untrod,
And mighty with the presence of their God!*

—INA COOLBRITH
In "Songs from the Golden Gate"



GOLDEN GATE.



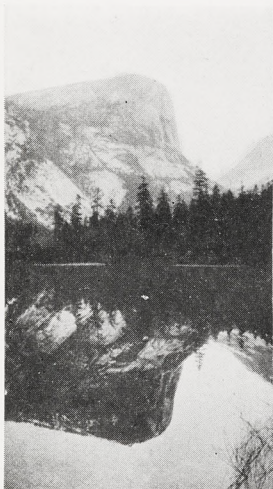
Yosemite Valley

*Yosemite, thou wonder spot
Of this terrestrial sphere,
We go to thee in rapture—
And we leave thee with a tear.*

*No brush can paint thy wonders,
No pen portray thy charms—
Within this lovely valley
Far from the world's alarms.*

*But memory will hold thee fast,
Deep in our inmost heart;
We leave thee, but we take with us
Joys that will ne'er depart!*

—E. E. U.



"As others see us"



R. WILLIAM CARTER, special correspondent of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, while a guest of San Francisco recently, said: "I know not concerning the future, but I do know if I should at any time be expatriated from the Empire State and the greatest city in the world, I shall pray devoutly that God may sentence me to spend the evening of my life in California—on the North—in order that I may know more of what Heaven is like before I get there; for if Northern California is not Paradise, it is at least Beulah Land. Its fog is the veil of God to hide in part the glorious beauty He has placed there, lest man with dazzled eyes forget the Giver in the gift. San Francisco is quiet, self-contained, and confident. She does not boast—why should she? The fact is, she is deprecativè rather than assertive. She does not say vaingloriously, 'I did this!' but reverently and in awe, 'Behold what God hath wrought!'"

Albert Payson Terhune includes some eloquent praise of California in his novel, *Black Gold* (Doran). Mr. Terhune's home is in New Jersey, so he might be called an impartial witness.

"Southern California was made by man," he tells the heroine, "and a beautiful and artistic and spectacular joy he made of it. But Northern California was made by God. And His work, as always, is ten times finer than man's. Tourists swarm through the southern part of the state. And not one of them in fifty ever bothers to come as far north as this. It's their loss. There's nothing lovelier anywhere.

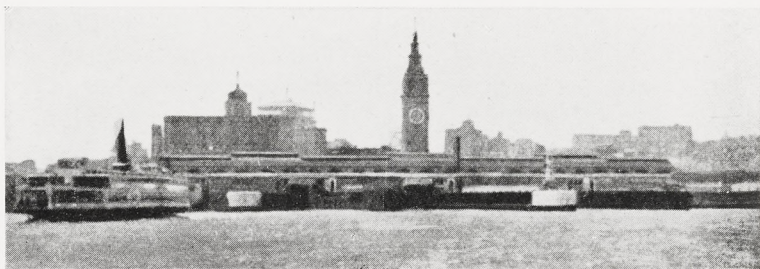
"There is a spaciousness of view, a warmth of heart, an individuality, and above all, a gorgeous sweep of hospitality here that you'll find nowhere else on earth. Sometimes I think that the sky-high mountain wall that cuts off California from the rest of America has something to do with it. It isolates the Californians, to some extent. And it lets them keep their own fine characteristics untarnished. Mind you, I'm speaking of California from Del Monte north. The southern half of the state wasn't settled to any extent by born Californians, but by middle westerners. And the two halves are as different from each other as Kansas is different from Virginia."

San Francisco



ASTWARD from San Francisco lies the great Sierra Nevada range of mountains, holding within its granite gorges the greatest natural playground in the world. At the southern end of the range looms Mt. Whitney, the highest peak in the United States, and to the northward, where the Sierra Nevada merges with the Coast Range, stands majestic, snow-capped Shasta, only 500 feet less high than Whitney. Between these two commanding peaks are embraced all of the national parks in California, chief among them Yosemite, Sequoia, and General Grant, where grow the oldest and biggest trees in the world—the *Sequoia gigantea*. Lake Tahoe lies blue and placid 6,200 feet above the level of the sea, and Mt. Lassen, near neighbor to Shasta, is America's only live volcano. Beyond the southern portals of San Francisco is the lovely Santa Clara Valley, famed for its apricot and prune orchards and its annual blossom festivals. Hidden among the pink and white blooms are Leland Stanford Junior University, the University of Santa Clara, and the College of the Pacific. Beyond, at an elevation of 4,200 feet above the sea, is Mt. Hamilton, on whose crest is Lick Astronomical Observatory. Sunk deep in the Santa Cruz Mountains is the magnificent Big Basin grove of redwoods, and beyond the crescent Bay of Monterey, always attractive because of its vibrant beauty, are the modern health and pleasure resorts at Santa Cruz, Del Monte and Carmel-by-the-Sea.

No other city of America has so large a military reservation within its city boundaries as the Presidio of San Francisco. It contains more than 1,500 acres of land, is beautifully wooded, and is traversed by fine public driveways. The Presidio is rich in history and romance. It was the first dwelling place of civilization on the San Francisco Peninsula. The old Spanish red brick fort at the harbor's mouth still stands, and at the center of the reservation is the old adobe building in which Rezanov, plenipotentiary of the Czar, in 1806 wooed Senorita Concepcion Arguello, daughter of Don José Arguello, Spanish commandante of the Presidio. This tragic romance and its dark-eyed heroine have engrossed the pens of Bret Harte, Gertrude Atherton and other recorders of Western romance.



Golden Gate Park is one of the finest expressions of landscape engineering to be found anywhere. All of the 1,013 acres embraced in this park have been transformed from bare sand-dunes into areas of living beauty. This is the largest purely man-made park in the world. It is likewise the largest of a half hundred recreation tracts in the city. The De Young Memorial Museum, the Spreckels Bandstand and Concourse, the Academy of Sciences, the Japanese Tea Garden and the Children's Playground are among the many attractions of the park. San Francisco embarrasses the visitor with its multitude of attractions. Among them may be briefly mentioned Fishermen's Wharf, the United States Mint, the book shops, theatres and luxurious motion picture houses, the most modern and beautiful in the country; Lotta's Fountain, where Tetrassini and other divas have chanted Christmas carols under the stars; the flower shops and flower market whence blooms are shipped to all points in the country the year round; the great wholesale market and dry goods district; the radiant department stores and millinery shops; the curio stores, and the multicolored waterfront.

San Francisco's Chinatown is America's largest and most interesting Oriental colony. Exotic architecture! Exotic yellows, greens and reds! Exotic sights and sounds! A bit of transplanted Hong Kong and Shanghai caught in a Western frame! Its prismatic bazaars, tinkling restaurants, mysterious byways, make every bit of the quarter a quaint, festive scene.

What Visitors Have Said

What enchantment of the Arabian Nights can have equalled this evocation of a roaring city from the marshes and the blowing sand?

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

The page written by the inhabitants of San Francisco on the moving ashes of their city is not one that any wind will ever blow away.

—JULES JUSSERAND

Of all the cities of the United States San Francisco has the things which make a city great. If the city were to be burned down tonight, tomorrow would see its people already starting the work of rebuilding it.

—ANON.

San Francisco is a wonder city. It's vibrant with an atmosphere all its own. It is more like a blend of New York and Washington and Paris than like anything else.

—ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Magnificent city, bathed by a radiant sun!

—KING ALBERT OF BELGIUM

SAN FRANCISCO HAS ONLY ONE DRAWBACK, 'TIS HARD TO LEAVE.

—RUDYARD KIPLING

Home of World Celebrities

Many people of world-wide fame have chosen Northern California as their home. For instance, Luther Burbank chooses the soil and climatic conditions of Santa Rosa in Northern California as the most ideal he can find for his plant, fruit and vegetable creations. For forty-seven years he has lived and worked in California.

California owes a debt to Luther Burbank that it can never pay. Years ago he adopted California soil as the cradle of his creations. He has given to the world, from his Sonoma County home in California, higher standards of soil production—the very sustenance of life itself. While the doors of the entire world swing open to Luther Burbank, he says in his modest way, "I would rather own a piece of land the size of a good healthy house-lot in Northern California than to own an entire farm anywhere else in the world if I had to live elsewhere."

Jack London, in his search for an ideal home, was told by his friends that he would find his combination of requirements only on the moon; yet, his Valley of the Moon, described in his famous book of that title, is located near San Francisco.

Edwin Markham calls Fountain Grove his home and comes here from his New York studio frequently to sample California air and sunshine.

Annie Laurie, also known as Winifred Black in the newspaper world and whose real name is Mrs. W. S. Bonfils, has recently built her home here, where she retires for recuperation.

Peter B. Kyne is a frequent visitor for atmosphere in his wonderful stories.



LUTHER BURBANK AT HOME



THIS IS THE MOUNTAIN OF THE BAY COUNTRY—THE
GUARDIAN OF THE GOLDEN GATE—AMERICA'S
LOOKOUT ON THE PACIFIC

Tamalpais

Tamalpais is a "different" mountain. It has a distinction all its own, an undeniable but easily definable charm. Travelers telling tales of mountains they have elsewhere met declare that in putting Tamalpais at the end of their list they were unknowingly saving the best till the last. For the mountain at the Port of the Setting Sun is without a peer in its superb command of the beautiful by land and sea. On a clear day from its crest one may glimpse great steamships that, flying the flags of friendly nations, ride at anchor within the Gate, and vessels unfurling their wings for foreign shores. Many miles to southward, in California's fair fruit-blossom time, are miles of billowy bloom, foaming like the waves that break on the beach far below the Tavern. Yonder, the Farallone Isles and lighthouse; eastward, the proud profile of Mount Diablo; encircling the broad bay, homes by hundreds of thousands, whose lights at night bedeck the darkness with brilliance—a picture long to be remembered. Tamalpais is to the city folk around the bay what Fujiyama is to the people of Japan, an object of worship, though not from the Oriental sense of reverence. Rather does it occupy in their affections the place of an ever-ready comrade with which to spend a happy holiday. Beloved alike by the hardy hobnailed hiker and the high-brow, it is dedicated democratically to the Sunday picnicker, the painter, the poet and the dramatist. An annual event attracting thousands is the play staged in an open-air glade by the Mountain Play Association.

Across the dancing waters of San Francisco Bay lie Oakland, Berkeley, and Alameda. At Berkeley is the University of California, the largest institution of higher learning in the United States. Built on a \$30,000,000 plan, it has a commanding campus and a number of impressive structures, including the Hearst Greek Theatre and the Campanile, which stands like a tower of enlightenment in view of the Golden Gate. Winding sinuously around the bosom of softly-curving hills is Oakland's Skyline Boulevard, from which a splendid panorama of the reaches of San Francisco Bay is had. Just beyond, nestling among the trees, is "The Hights," Joaquin Miller's aerie home, one of the meccas of the world's literati. Overshadowing all is imposing Mt. Diablo, the elevation of whose crest is 4,000 feet.

High Lights in Industry



HE State of California heads all others in mileage of paved roads—the best roads in the world. The world's best motor speedway is near San Francisco, and the Golden State is the Mecca of autoists.

In the realm of agriculture California stands supreme. It is the greatest fruit-growing state in the Union, and also excels in the production of vegetable and flower seeds. Alfalfa is the king of field crops, and this crop is the backbone of dairying and livestock raising—two of California's greatest industries. In goat-raising as well as in cattle-raising, California takes her part, and the only goat-milk condensory in the world is located forty-five miles south of San Francisco.

California produces six per cent. of the eggs of the country. The sheep and wool industry is especially extensive and profitable. Rice, cotton, and tobacco are flourishing industries.

California leads all states in the production of beans, barley, cantaloupes, almonds, walnuts, raisins, olives and olive oil, pears, oranges, lemons, grapefruit, prunes, and honey. It produces nearly half the nation's supply of peaches, and is third in apple production.

In addition to its great agricultural wealth California possesses vast mining resources. It has the greatest gold and copper mines, and the greatest variety of minerals and semi-precious stones in the United States. Thirty per cent. of the entire output of crude oil in the United States comes from California.

Wonderful mineral springs, considered superior to those of Carlsbad, are to be found in California, where a delightful climate makes life worth living. California has immeasurable resources of hydro-electric power—the greatest in the world.

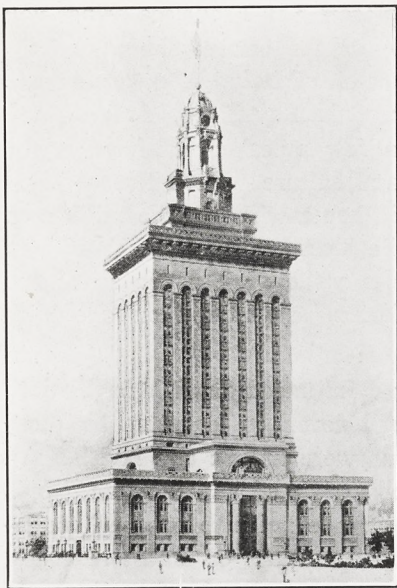
The redwood forests of California are known throughout the world. They are the largest, and perhaps the oldest trees in the world. These trees have outlived the marble columns of the Greeks who modeled their temples to express the glory of the woods. These groves stood when the temples were building, but it was not the fortune of the beauty-loving builders to behold such groves as these. Great national parks are to be found throughout California.

In fisheries, too, California holds her place with the best. More than half the world's supply of salmon is caught on the Pacific Coast, and California cans the bulk of this catch.

Experiments in several sections demonstrate that silkworms may be successfully raised during a period of six or eight months in California as against the European season of as many weeks.

One of America's most impressive groups of public buildings is to be seen in San Francisco's Civic Center, pronounced by the Duke of Connaught and other visitors to be one of the finest things of its kind in the world.

Oakland



OAKLAND CITY HALL

children, dressed in white and barefooted, disported on the green borders of the lake in fancy and flower dances to feed the lovely feathered creatures—as assured of their welcome as any pets of the barnyard.

Thousands of spectators in automobiles and on foot reveled in the spectacle of this joyous carnival in the month of January, and went home to tell their friends all about it, and to write other friends living under less genial skies to come to God's country where such things can be enjoyed every month of the year.

—E. E. U.

No city in California has shown more phenomenal growth in every respect than has Oakland; beautiful for situation, wonderfully located on the bay and among the hills, with the charming and unique feature of a beautiful little lake in its very heart. The boulevard drive around the lake is a constant delight to the residents of all the bay cities.

The yearly duck pageant staged on the shore of the lake is unequaled by any such event in any country in the world. The famed pigeons of San Marco, Venice, are a mere clutter of birds in comparison! Think of ducks of all species coming by thousands from the South Sea Islands, from Alaska, and from unknown islands of the sea on exactly the same date to a day every year to find warmth, shelter, food and protection at this lovely little lake within a stone's throw, almost, of Oakland's busiest traffic! It is worth crossing the Rockies to see! Certainly the pageant of last January was worth the trip when hundreds of



OAKLAND'S BIRD FESTIVAL

Belvedere



AN HOUR'S ferry trip from San Francisco brings you to Belvedere, one of the beauty spots of California. A veritable bit of Italy, quite unknown to the general public of the Bay Cities. It is a "near island" of only a few miles' circumference, the abode of wealth and culture. Here Nature holds sway, and the beautiful and artistic homes cling to the hillside or decorate canyons and ravines, while blossoming trees, shrubs and plants of all description and species make of it a garden of the gods—"the loveliest spot in California," as more than one have expressed it.

A year or so ago at high tide and full moon "a night in Venice" was staged at Belvedere which will never be forgotten by those privileged to be there. Decorations were unique and lavish. All pleasure craft was afloat, beautifully trimmed with flowers, bands played and searchlights flashed from one point to another, touching up the boats in parade and the decorations on land and water, while songs wafted from the boats added a touch of realism and made you fancy it was really the Grand Canal of Venice. Admiral Rodman, who was a guest of the occasion, declared he had never in all his travels seen a more beautiful place than Belvedere.

Evening at Belvedere

*Oh, Heaven seems so very near
At Belvedere!
The stars shine, not so far above,
We see and feel Almighty love
That hung them there!
The twinkling lights on every side,
(Fair Sausalito's signal wide)
All is so rare!
The Golden Gate, unseen at night,
Flashes its light!
We feel it's telling all to come
And make this lovely Isle their home
All through the night!*

—E. F. U.

El Dorado

*Oh the fields aflame with poppies,
Buttercups and columbine!
Oh the haze on glade and coppice
Haunt of clematis and vine!
Slopes of green and skies propitious,
And the air a draft delicious
One ethereal anodyne.*

*Oh the sweet acacia flinging
Golden tassels to the breeze,
And the wild canaries singing
In and out the almond trees!
Spires of apricot and cherry,
Lanes of lilies, and the merry
Meadow-lark upon the leas!*

*Oh the purpling hills, the mountains,
Towns that hallow bight and bay,
Creeks and canyons, vales and fountains,
But to tell them is to pray!
For their names fulfill the chorus
Of a thousand saints that o'er us
Swing their censers night and day.*

*Oh the sun, his chariot turning,
Hither wheels precipitate,
Royal bannered, westward burning,
Glorifies the Golden Gate!
Sinks behind the Farallones,
Where his trans-elysian throne is
Where he keeps nocturnal state.*

*To the stars a purer argent
Furrow fields, a deeper blue!
And the city from the margent
Of the ocean, leaps in view,
Climbs the hills of Heaven untiring,
Lilies, poppies, blushing, firing
All the West with bloom anew.*

—CHARLES MILLS GAYLEY
University of California

By permission of the author.

Berkeley

Westward the course of Empire takes its way—

—BISHOP BERKELEY.

“The Great Bishop’s Town”

Say what shall be said of the great Bishop’s town.

Bishop and prophet, and poet and seer?

Why, pluck up a cedar, and set her fame down

In gold and in flower-fed atmosphere.

City of cities in stories to be,

Classical, scholar-built Berkeley.

Aye, write her fair story, as fair as a star,

As sweet as her sea winds, as strong as her sea,

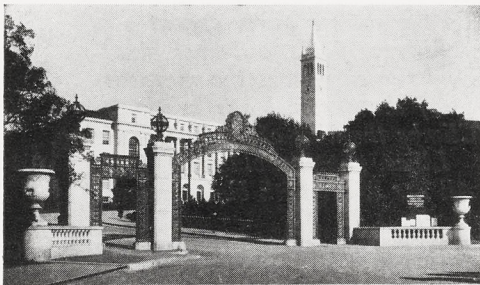
City with never a stain or a scar,

City of deeds and of destiny!

Sea-born and sun-bred, Mecca to be,

Matchless, magnificent Berkeley!

—JOAQUIN MILLER



A VIEW OF THE GREAT UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY

Berkeley

Educational Center of the West.



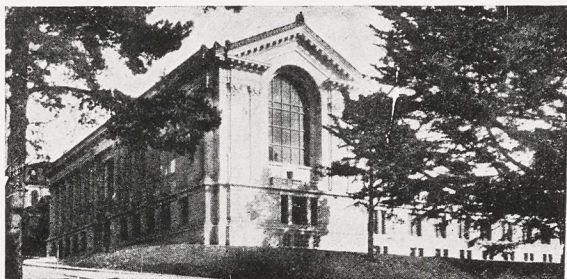
ONE OF BERKELEY'S MANY BEAUTIFUL HOMES

dents are enrolled. Among them are several hundred from foreign lands, mostly of the Pacific region.

Mr. Charles Keeler of Berkeley has been largely instrumental in promoting Berkeley as an art center. To this end was held last year a three days' music festival in the Greek Theatre of the University of California, at which all three programs were of the work of California composers.

Berkeley has peculiar advantages owing to the beauty of its location, the large proportion of culture and art interests among its citizens, the presence of the University, the proximity to San Francisco, the great background of mighty forests and mountain wildernesses, in the Sierra and Coast Range, and the foreground of the Pacific Ocean, to attract the creative artist.

On this westernmost rim of Aryan civilization, that has migrated from India through Persia, Greece and Europe to America, lies the college city of California, looking through the Golden Gate to Cathay. The industries, the trade and the ideals of America shall flow through this mystic portal to be interchanged with the storied treasures of the East. Here shall be founded a great art center, built upon commercial prosperity and embodying a city of beauty to match the immortal Athens of the days of Pericles.



MAGNIFICENT LIBRARY—University of California.

Berkeley is the center of the educational and cultural life of the Pacific Coast. Nestled at the base of the beautiful range of the Berkeley Hills are homes of culture, embowered in gardens of perennial bloom. In their midst, occupying six hundred acres of hill and plain, are the grounds of the University of California. Grouped about the stately Campanile are the white granite, tile-roofed buildings of this, the largest university of America, where some ten thousand stu-

Berkeley

*O, Berkeley fair and beautiful,
Pride of the Golden State,
With lovely wooded hills and vales
That face the Golden Gate,*

*Whose groves of eucalyptus rear
Straight up against the blue—
With wealth of wondrous blossom
And with Bay of changing hue.*

*Its noble University,
With live oaks gnarled and grand
Unite to make you feel in sooth—
You've found the promised land!*

*The promised land, Utopia,
By early bards foretold,
Where mortals dwell apart from pain
Or rigor of heat or cold—*

*A happy land, with fields of gold,
By the Western Sea afar—
Fair Berkeley is this fabled land,
And naught doth the picture mar!*

—E. E. U.



On Berkeley Hills

*The sun lies warm on Berkeley Hills
The long, fair slopes bend softly down
To fold in loving arms the town.
The sun-kissed uplands rise and swell
And blue-eyed grass and pimpernel
Dot the young meadow's velvet sheen.
The air the Springtime music thrills,
Sweet songs of birds in halls of green
On Berkeley Hills.*

—ADELINE KNAPP

Sunset

*To stand upon the Berkeley hills at sunset
And view the Golden Gate
Oh this is joy supernal!
The trifling things of every day recede,
And leave, instead, sweet peace
And thoughts of the Eternal!
Life at its best unfolds before your gaze;
Your neighbor seems more dear,
You see with clearer vision
The many things but seen in part—e'er this,
E'en Heaven's fields Elysian!*

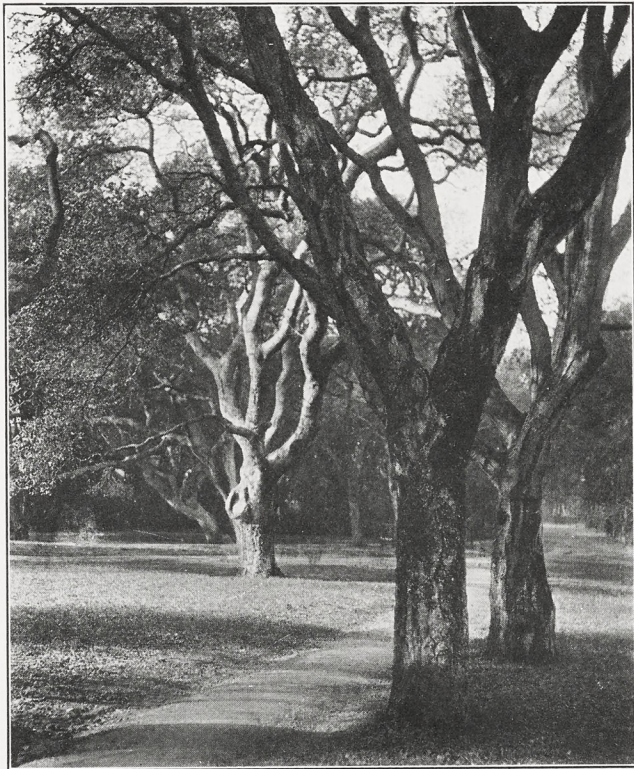
—E. E. U.

The University Campus

*"The groves were God's first temples,"
Here today
Temples of learning
In primeval groves up-rear
And fill us with the thought
That God is near!*

*Leastwise it should,
For nobler, grander trees
Ne'er cast a grateful shade
O'er learning's path
To send an influence serene
Through each life's aftermath!*

—E. E. U.



To show what we can do on occasion



LAST WINTER Berkeley had a snow-storm, an "honest-to-goodness" snow-storm! And great was the excitement of the natives, especially the younger ones, who had never witnessed such a phenomenon. Huge snow-flakes fell all day without intermission. The next day was the grand scenic display, however. The Berkeley Hills were wonderful with their lovely white covering and the trees, with full leafage, bowed down with their unaccustomed weight. Cars going up to the hills were crowded, children predominating, schools having been dismissed to allow them, with their teachers, to see the unusual sight. Even our great University of California closed recitations betimes, so that its 10,000 or more students might, if they wished, improve their opportunity of seeing. Innumerable autos went up to wait, while their merry loads disported in the new element, and, when they left, they took as much of it with them as they could carry. Trucks climbed up, to return with full cargoes of snow, looking as though they had visited a cotton-field. Many were the snow battles waged with great jollity and laughter. Snow-men, of all sizes and description, graced every home where there were children, and some where there were only grown-ups. I saw some men, carrying on a board, into the dining-room of one of our finest hotels, a huge white figure that I took to be of frosting, until a second glance showed me it was snow! "The beautiful" was collected as was manna in Bible days, by men, women and children, and in all sorts of receptacles, even in paper bags. Mount Tamalpais, across the bay, had a snow-fall of over two feet, and many tourists and hikers were marooned at its Inn, as the little railroad was out of commission. The next day the railroad folks improvised a snow-plow, and the road was once more open, but thousands took advantage of it to go up, as against the few to come down, as the magnificent views from all sides of the mountain (four thousand feet above the level) were well worth the trip. "The Lady of Tamalpais," lying at rest, on one of the slopes, as she has lain for centuries, and may for centuries to come, was covered now with a lovely white blanket.

The next day a few high lights on the hills were the only visible reminder of the wonderful snow-storm, and the released roses, heliotrope and calla lilies were once more nodding and smiling bravely, albeit a wee bit disheveled in appearance. The memory of the snow carnival will not soon be effaced.

—E. E. U.

I Love You, California



Words by
F. B. Silverwood

Music by
A. F. Frankenstein

MARY GARDEN STOPPED GRAND OPERA TO MAKE THIS CALIFORNIA SONG FAMOUS

*I love you, California,
You're the greatest state of all.
I love you in the summer, in the winter,
spring and fall,
I love your fertile valleys,
Your dear mountains I adore.
I love your grand old ocean
And I love your rugged shore.*

*I love your redwood forests,
Love your fields of yellow grain.
I love your summer breezes
And I love your winter rain.
I love you, land of flowers,
Land of honey, fruit and wine.
I love you, California,
You have won this heart of mine.*

*I love your old gray missions,
Love your vineyards stretching far.
I love you, California,
With your Golden Gate ajar.
I love your purple sunsets—
Love your skies of azure blue.
I love you, California,
I just can't help loving you.*

*I love you, Catalina,
You are very dear to me.
I love you, Tamalpais,
And I love Yosemite.
I love you, land of sunshine,
Half your beauties are untold.
I loved you in my childhood
And I'll love you when I'm old.*

